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A
DESCRIPTION
OF
HAWKSTONE,

THE SEAT OF
SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.
ONE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE SHIRE FOR
THE COUNTY OF SALOP.

By **T. RODENHURST.**

THE SIXTH EDITION.
With a Second Part,
And several ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

Where Nature paints, what beauties fill the mind!
And how the soul expands with joys refin'd!
Reflection seizes, and to man displays
Infinite Wisdom—claiming all our praise.

PROSPECT, A POEM, BY E. T.

LONDON:

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO
Sir RICHARD HILL, Bart.
ONE OF THE
REPRESENTATIVES IN PARLIAMENT
FOR THE
County of Salop,
THE FOLLOWING
Description of Hawkstone
IS
Most respectfully dedicated,
BY
HIS MOST OBEDIENT,
AND
MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

TO
MR. RICHARD HILL, B.A.

ONE OF THE
MEMBERS OF THE
PARLIAMENT

OF THE

THE FOLLOWING
Description of the

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P R E F A C E.

THE reception which the First Edition of this Work met with by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Hawkstone, where only it was sold, and which, the Writer is sensible, was more on account of the respect they have for the Place, and the worthy Owner, than for the merit of the Description, has occasioned several more Editions to appear, in which the reader will find considerable alterations and additions, and for which the Author ac-

knowledges himself indebted to some respectable gentlemen of learning and taste.

To enter upon a minute description of the romantic scenes, amazing varieties, and natural as well as artificial beauties of Hawkstone-Park, requires far superior abilities than the Writer hereof pretends to be possessed of: however, he flatters himself the following pages will be found entertaining to the generality of readers, particularly to those whose curiosity may induce them to visit the beautiful and astonishing scenes of which they treat.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
HAWKSTONE.

HAWKSTONE is a spacious and noble Mansion-house, long the residence of the ancient family of the HILLS, and now belonging to Sir RICHARD HILL, Bart. one of the worthy Representatives in Parliament for the County of Salop. The elegance of the structure is exceeded by few ; the hospitality of the Owner by none.

THE HOUSE

Is situated on the north side of a hill, not far out of the road between Shrewsbury and Whitchurch.

THE WEST PORTICO

Is allowed to be a capital piece of architecture. The pillars are large and lofty, of the composite order, and strike the mind with a pleasing idea of elegance and strength united.

In the inside of the House, the Saloon, Chapel, and Library*, are
parti-

* The two latter, viz. the Chapel and Library, are in the North Wing, which is separated

particularly worthy of observation ;
 but as the beauties of Nature are
 preferable to thoe of Art, and as
 few

rated from the body of the House by a Colonnade. In the ceiling of the former is a very masterly painting of Truth appealing to Time for bringing her to light, and Falsehood flying away affrighted. The piece was designed as emblematical of the Reformation. The Saloon is a very lofty, spacious, and well-proportioned room ; it is fitted up in a costly manner, and adorned with some choice paintings ; among which is the Siege of Namur. The five principal characters in this piece were all taken from life : these are, King William, the Elector of Bavaria, the Duke of Marlborough, Count Cohorn, and the Right Honourable Richard Hill (uncle to the late Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. and great uncle to the present Sir Richard), who was at that time Paymaster of the Army, Member of the Privy Council, and Envoy at the Court of Turin.

The

few people have leisure to see more than the Park, which alone would engage the attention of persons of taste for a whole day, or indeed for two or three days, the walks being very extensive*, and fresh beauties continually presenting themselves to view; I shall confine myself

The Writer could not procure any certain account by whom the House was originally built. The late Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. father of Sir Richard, added both the wings, and made other very considerable additions to it; but it was certainly the Family Mansion at the time of Sir Rowland Hill, Knight, who was Lord Mayor of London, A. D. 1549, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, for an account of which extraordinary and truly excellent person, see the inscription on the obelisk lately erected to his memory.

* Upwards of ten miles in length,

chiefly

chiefly to those pleasingly wild and romantic scenes, which in all places would justly come under the denomination of *the sublime*, but are here doubly striking, on account of their being in the midst of a fine, fruitful, champaign country, bounded all round by different ranges of distant hills, so that on a clear day you may see no less than twelve, and sometimes thirteen counties with the naked eye*.

* These are, Shropshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Flintshire, Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, Merionethshire, Radnorshire, and Blackstone Edge in Yorkshire.

Leaving

Leaving the House, you proceed by an easy ascent through the side of a wilderness of lofty trees, chiefly beeches, till you arrive at the

SUMMER HOUSE,

Which is a handsome building of free-stone in the octagon form. The inside is elegantly painted in fresco, with a representation of the four Seasons, &c. &c. From the windows, and the walk above it, you have a pleasing near prospect of a grand piece of water, and some verdant meadows; and a distant one of Broxton Hills, and Delamere Forest, in Cheshire. A new

Farm House, built entirely in the Gothic style, and representing an Abbey or Priory, among some scattered trees by the water side, greatly diversifies and enlivens the scene.

Under the Summer House is a large and spacious Cold Bath, fed by a crystal spring, which issues from the side of a bank at a few yards distance.

From the Summer House you are conducted by a pleasant walk interspersed with trees on the side of the hill to the

GULF,

G U L F,

So called, being a deep valley, which terminates between two hills, and separates the Grotto-rock from the other hill. Coming immediately out of a beautiful lawn, and having no suspicion of the sudden manner in which Nature changes her visage, this place appears truly romantic, and the valley on your left, perhaps, not inferior to Tempe, a fair field in Theffaly, so much celebrated by the ancient poets :

“ The Graces there delighted oft to rove,
 “ In blithsome concert, innocence, and love.”

You

You then proceed along a rising walk on the side of the rock, delightfully variegated on each side with shrubs and trees, through which the water all the way is seen below, till you come to the solemn entrance leading to the

G R O T T O,

Through a long cliff in the rock, which had perhaps lain for ages undiscovered, till, a few years ago, Sir Richard Hill caused all the earth, rubbish, and leaves, to be dug away, when it was found that the two sides of the rock so nearly corresponded with each other, that they appear once to have been united, and separated either by an earth-

earthquake or some other unaccountable concussion. Through the middle of this high majestic aperture of massy, bulging stone, you gradually mount up till you reach that more tremendous passage where all light is totally excluded for nearly one hundred yards, when you arrive at the Grotto itself, which is a vast subterraneous cave, supported by rugged pillars hewn in the solid rock ; in the midst of which is a spacious Cove, curiously beset with costly shells, selected from the remotest regions of the sea, and inlaid with petrifications and fossils from the deepest recesses of the earth. You view with amazement the different dwellings

lings of the briny inhabitants: some burnished with gloss of the deepest hue, others rugged with points, and crusted by nature: some nicely turned and speckled with varnish, and some shining as gems, or sparkling like diamonds. These being joined with coral, tinged with ore, spangled with minerals, and receiving light through some exquisitely fine painted glass*, form one of the most beautiful Saloons that imagination can conceive, or fancy describe; the whole being executed with a masterly boldness, perfectly characteristic

* Particularly a philosopher at his studies, by Mrs. PEIRSON.

with the scenes around you, without any thing of that diminutive or formal decoration and *petitesse*, by which Grottos are usually rendered more like artificial *baby-houses*, than grand natural and romantic caverns.

A noble Lord in the neighbourhood of HAWKSTONE, having made a present to Sir RICHARD HILL of a very fine wax figure, representing an ancestor of that Lord, Sir RICHARD has placed it in a recess in the Grotto, but it is quite concealed from view when you enter in ; however, when you have looked about you a short while, this venerable Effigy gradually

dually rises up before you, and turning about his head to look at the company, holds in his hands the following inscription for their perusal :

Let those surround the throne of Kings,
Who court the pomp that grandeur brings:
Though sprung from Needham's noble race,
'Tis here I fix my dwelling-place :
Contentment be my happy lot,
My lov'd abode this peaceful Grot*.

Passing through a colonnade of rude pillars, tinged with copper, with which those rocks abound, you leave this labyrinth of won-

* The place where this figure was is now added to the Grotto, and the figure itself removed.

ders through a door on the West, where you command a most noble view of an

AWFUL PRECIPICE.

Here the towering oak is lost beneath the rugged rocks bulging with terror!—Next you admire, with astonishment, the huge pending crags, still more highly coloured with copper, or hoary with age; and whilst the wide chasms between the rocks strike you with dread, you often hear the ravens which build upon them croaking over your head*. The green lawn,

* There is an high point on the Grotto rock, called the *Raven's Shelf*, because time immemorial the Ravens have annually made a nest there.

the fertile distant prospect, the wood, water, and vessels at anchor, which you look down upon below, contrast the view, and add life to the scene.

You are then conducted to a delightful retired spot in the midst of the thick Wood, where you may repose yourself on a rustic sofa, made of various sorts of curious moss. Then turning under the Grotto Hill, by a staircase cut out of the rock, with something new every step, you encircle this immense mass or island of freestone, and lifting your eyes upwards, you behold most enormous shelves of green copper hanging over you, par-

ticularly near a place cut through the rock, with two seats opposite each other, called the *Vis-à-Vis*.

This grand Hill then stretches itself out towards the south-west: but before you advance, it will be proper to stand still and view those stately rocks which look more like the ruins of Palmyra or Persepolis, than the lofty turrets of Nature, heaped one upon another like so many demolished castles, tumbled into ruin.

Some of the first Nobility, both of this and of other nations, have visited these scenes; and that noble Corsican General, Paschal Paoli, declared,

declared, that in all his travels, he had seen nothing which afforded him so much delight*.

Entirely taking leave of the Grotto Hill, you proceed by the side of some fine stately Oaks, and some rugged cliffs (the most remarkable of which, called the *Ship's Beak*, seems as if it had once been separated from the main rock by some violent convulsion of Nature) till you arrive at a natural Cave, called

* What this distinguished Foreigner appeared to be most struck with, was a view under the Grotto Hill, where the Red Castle Rock breaks in upon you; which place is now distinguished by the name of *Paoli's Point*.

THE RETREAT;

The top of which hangs in small rocky clouds over your head, and has in it some veins resembling mortar, of a brackish taste.

In this cave are seen the following beautiful lines, penned by the present Owner of the place, while he was contemplating those scenes :

Whilst all thy glories, O my God,
Through the creation shine,
Whilst rocks, and hills, and fertile vales,
Proclaim the Hand Divine,

Oh !

Oh! may I view with humble heart
The wonders of thy power,
Display'd alike in wilder scenes,
As in each blade and flower.

But whilst I taste thy blessings, LORD,
And sip the streams below,
Oh! may my soul be led to Thee,
From whom all blessings flow!

And if such footsteps of thy love
Through this lost world we trace,
How far transcendent are thy works,
Throughout the world of grace!

Just as before yon noontide sun
The brightest stars are small,
So earthly comforts are but snares,
Till grace has crown'd them all.

Quitting the Retreat, and passing
by the *Canopy* and *Indian Rock*,
which are both deeply tinged with
variegated copper, your eyes are
feasted

feasted with fresh beauties of the solemn and romantic kind, till you come to a well-designed little cottage, which is an Hermit's summer residence.—You pull a bell, and gain admittance.

THE HERMIT

Is generally in a sitting posture, with a table before him, on which is a skull, the emblem of mortality, an hour-glass, a book, and a pair of spectacles. The venerable bare-footed Father, whose name is Francis (if awake), always rises up at the approach of strangers. He seems about ninety years of age, yet has all his senses to admiration. He is tolerably conversant, and far
from

from being unpolite ; and, if requested, will repeat the following lines which are fixed up in the inside of his habitation, under his motto, which is,

“ MEMENTO MORI : ”

“ Far from the busy scenes of life,
Far from the world, its cares and strife,
In solitude more pleas'd to dwell,
The Hermit bids you to his cell ;
Warns you Sin's gilded baits to fly,
And calls you to prepare to die.”

Leaving this solitary Sire, you pass to

THE FOX'S KNOB,
So named, because a Fox, some years ago, jumped from the top of it to the deep valley beneath, when unkennelled there by a pack of fox-

fox-hounds ; though the fall cost Renard his life, as well as some of the dogs which followed him. It is of a pyramidical form, finely mantled with trees and ivy. Whether it was first raised by an earthquake, or whether the ground was swept away from it by the raging billows of the great deluge, and this rock left as a standing monument of its devastations, may afford matter of speculation to the curious ; suffice it to say, that it now exhibits a most astonishing appearance.

o Your guide will then conduct you to a subterraneous passage, usually called

ST.

ST. FRANCIS'S CAVE ;

Into which you enter under the curiously twisted root of a most venerable Yew-tree. After having groped for some yards in total darkness, you are suddenly transported into the cheerful light of day ; and whichever way you turn yourself, the most enchanting prospect, intermixed with woods, hills, lawn, and water, and enlivened with the busy scenes of Agriculture, meets your view.

From thence turning a little to the left, you gradually ascend the summit of

THE

THE TERRACE,

Where you are invited by the pleasantness of the walk, having a fine green turf under your feet, and on each side all sorts of forest trees, the foliage of which reaches down to the ground, with openings at proper spaces, through which distant prospects burst in upon your view, whilst hundreds of the little feathered tribe charm your ears with their wild melodious notes.

Along the top of this cultivated Alps, you continue rising by a very easy ascent, till you come to

THE

THE TOWER,

A large handsome building in the Gothic style, situate on a high projection on the south-west side of the Terrace, which forms a fine prospect to all the country several miles round*.

The Hill here turns round to the East, where

THE VINEYARD,

Which is laid out in the manner of a fortification, with turrets, walls, and bastions, and executed at a very great expense, attracts your attention. Though the situation of this

* Near the Tower is a most beautiful spot, which has been lately discovered and made accessible. It is called *Newfoundland Point*.

place was peculiarly adapted to the use that was made of it, being well screened by woods and rocks behind and on each side, and open only to the south sun ; and though every method was tried to make the attempt succeed, yet the grapes seldom came to maturity. And as they would not ripen on this spot, and with every attention which the gardener's art could pay, there is reason to conclude, that no vineyard in this climate will ever be brought to any greater degree of perfection.

From the Tower just mentioned, your eye traverses a vast space of country. You see the town of Shrewsbury, and many of the Cam-
 2 brian

brian Hills, with their pointed peaks propping the clouds. You behold that celebrated hill, *Cuêr Caradoc*, or Caradoc's Castle, famous in history for a bulwark of stone, where Caractacus the Briton bravely defended himself against the Roman general. You see that magnificent Salopian mountain the Wrekyn; also the Brythen, Moel-y-Golva, and Caverokesken hills, on the former of which, the pillar lately erected in honour of Lord Rodney presents itself to your view.

About a mile from the Tower, you are struck with a beautiful and romantic hanging wood, called

BURY WALLS,

Where are the remains of a grand Roman Camp, allowed by Antiquaries to be the most perfect one in the kingdom. In encompassed about twenty acres of ground, secured by an inaccessible rock on all sides but one, which is strongly defended by a triple entrenchment, and must have been a work of immense labour*, fit only for a Roman army to undertake.

* Upon the top of Hopley, a neighbouring hill belonging to Andrew Corbet, Esq. and which presents itself to your view from various parts of the Park, are some vestiges of another encampment, supposed also to have been Roman.

You

You then leave these heights, and wind down a solemnly beautiful walk, closed up with trees and rocks on each side, till you arrive at

THE TOWER GLEN,

Which is a sort of steep dingle, into which you descend by a narrow walk, and many rude steps; having under your feet a most beautiful turf, and on each side of you a range of the most grotesque rocks and caverns, interspersed with underwood, and large venerable oaks, elms, &c.

Towards the bottom of this Glen or Dingle, you come to a seat just

before you cross the Grand Valley, from which seat you are suddenly and at once struck with every charming feature of lawn, hills, wood, and water, which Nature has it in her power to disclose, particularly a long range of broken rocks, richly mantled with trees, and here and there standing out like castles, forming a picture beyond the reach of all description.

But before you quit the Tower Glen, it will be necessary to call back your attention to a very extraordinary cave in the rock, which is lately made accessible by means of some steps, through a narrow wild walk which leads to it, and
which

which is remarkable for having been the hiding-place of an ancestor of the HILL family, who met with great hardships from the Parliament forces in the reign of King Charles the First. In memory of this gentleman, and of his sufferings for the cause in which he engaged, Sir Richard Hill caused a handsome Urn to be placed near the cave before mentioned, with the following inscription on the base of it :

Anno 1784,

This Urn

Was placed here by Sir Richard Hill, Bart.

(Eldest son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart.)

One of the Knights of this Shire,

As a token of affection to the memory of his
much-respected Ancestor,

ROWLAND HILL, of HAWKSTONE, ESQUIRE;
A gentleman remarkable for his great wisdom,
piety, and charity; who, being a zealous Roy-
alist, hid himself in this glen in the civil wars,
in the time of

KING CHARLES THE FIRST:

But, being discovered, was imprisoned in the
adjacent castle, commonly called Red Castle,
whilst his house was pillaged and ransacked by
the rebels. The castle itself was soon after-
wards demolished.

His son, Rowland Hill, Esq. coming to his as-
sistance, also suffered much in the same loyal
cause.

The above account, taken from Kimber's
Baronetage, as also from the traditions of the
family, holds forth to posterity the attachment
of this ancient House to an unfortunate and
much-injured Sovereign.

Passing over the top of the Val-
ley, you arrive at the foot of

THE

THE ELYSIAN HILL,

On the south side of which is the MENAGERIE, where Nature is aided by Art, without seeming to be her debtor.

Here is kept a choice collection of Beasts and Birds, both foreign and domestic, among which are Eagles of different kinds, also a Mackaw, and various sorts of Parrots, with some different species of Monkeys, all of which will gladly search your pockets for gingerbread, nuts, almonds, &c. and be as familiar with you as you please*.

* Since the publication of the first edition of this Description, the Monkeys are either dead or removed. A beautiful Eagle is also dead.

At the upper end is a little characteristic dwelling, fitted up with stuffed Birds, so nicely resembling Nature, that you can hardly distinguish them from living ones.

This rural habitation is occupied by a Man and his Wife, who may well be called the Adam and Eve of this delightful Eden. Adam is busily employed in cleaning his ground, whilst Eve bestirs herself about her domestic affairs, and feeds her poultry, which flock round her in great numbers on the ringing of a bell.

Over the Menagerie door are the following lines :

Enter,

Enter, kind stranger, and you'll find
Within this straw-roof'd cot
A happy man and wife—not oft
Of palaces the lot.

Whilst John in honest labour toils,
His Mary's tender care
Extends to all her feather'd tribe,
And each her bounty share.

Contented souls! long may they live
Within their sweet retreat,
Two hearts in one for ever join'd,
Of peace and love the seat!

And may the great JEHOVAH deign,
Whene'er their race is run,
With bright, celestial rays of grace
To gild their setting sun *!

* Since these verses were put up, death has
made a separation in the happy pair.

You

You then reluctantly leave this most delightful spot, and turn to the right, through a narrow shady path, where stately Larches, Beeches, &c. feather down to the ground with peculiar beauty.

You have scarcely proceeded an hundred yards, before you are struck with the appearance of

THE GREEN-HOUSE,

Which is built in the Gothic taste, with rough unhewn stone, and is perfectly in unison with the majestic scenery all around it.

Here again Nature displays all her charms, and the sublime and
beau-

beautiful ardently vie with each other, which shall most attract the attention of the beholder.

The contrast between the Green Lawn before you, bespread with Orange-trees, Myrtles, and Geraniums, with a Flock of Sheep peaceably feeding in a verdant pasture, and the stupendous Rocks dignified with lofty Forest-trees behind and on each side of you, with a most delightful piece of Water flowing at the foot of the Lawn in form of a River, and losing both its ends in two different Woods, exhibits at one view a Landscape at the same time so majestic, and yet so delicately softened,

ed, that it would require the united efforts of Salvator Rosa, Claude, and Pouffin, to do it the smallest degree of justice.

Leaving the Green-house, you wind round the south-east end of the Elysian Hill, and, as you mount up, new beauties still surprise you. In some places all is thick and solemn, and you find various rude and whimsical seats to rest on, by the side of mossy banks or rocky caverns. In other places, just as you emerge out of the wood, the near and distant prospects both break in upon you at once; and the precipices you have lately trodden, put on new appearances as
you

you face them, and according to the different directions you view them in.

After having reposed yourself a sufficient time on a large Alcove Seat, made of knots of Oak, you will be prepared to finish your walk over the Elyfian Hill, especially as you will be on the descent all the way.

You are now to cross another part of the enchanting valley beneath, till you arrive at

THE RED CASTLE HILL,
So called from the colour of the rock, and of the stone with which the Castle is built.

Having ascended this lofty and delightfully romantic Hill, you enter the Edifice through a strong door or gateway, which, in time of war, must have been very difficult of access.

This venerable Fortrefs, long the feat of warriors, and remarkable for its strength, and the prodigious thickness of its walls, is now an heap of ruins, and inhabited only by birds of prey; whilst its martial sons are all buried in one promiscuous oblivion, and nothing is left to perpetuate their memory but these broken fragments, as vestiges to teach posterity that the ravages of war, and the destroying

ing

ing hand of Time, level the strongest castles, and the most beautiful fabrics, with the ground.

There have been several accounts of this very extraordinary place : the generally received notion, prevalent among all the country people in that neighbourhood, that it was formerly the habitation of two huge giants, named Tarquin and Tarquinius, however absurd and ridiculous in itself, is as perfectly correspondent with the style of the place, as the idea of fairies dancing on daisy-tops on the verdant plains.

DUGDALE tells us, that this Castle was erected in the reign of
Henry

Henry the Third ; but there is an ancient manuscript in the Audley family, which proves that its original existence was of much earlier date. It is there said, that “ Maud
 “ or Matilda, Wife of William
 “ the Conqueror, gave to John de
 “ Audley, and to his Heirs, the
 “ lands about Red Castle, in the
 “ county of Salop, for certain services done by him to the state.”

Just over the entrance, on the side of a decayed piece of wall of an astonishing thickness, the following lines meet your eye :

See this vast antique Pile, how reverend grey
 In hoary age ! its walls and mould'ring towers,
 With tufted moss and ivy rudely hung,

From

From whose high turrets, now by years decay'd,
We trace the dire remains of bloody war.

These lonesome walks of thick uncouthest shade,
By length of centuries past, by turns have clos'd
A race of warriors here entomb'd.—

All description must fall infinitely short of the works of Nature and of Antiquity, which present themselves to view in circling this hill, which is covered on every side with large trees and thick wood, out of which pieces of broken walls and high turrets rise in different places, and strike the mind with a majestic solemnity ; whilst the distant view, wherever it breaks in upon you, is enlivened with every beauty which a fine fruitful country, bounded by variety

D

riety of hills of different shapes and sizes, can afford.

Among the solemn scenes exhibited on the Red Castle Hill, is that dreadful profound abyss, commonly called

THE GIANT'S WELL,

The circular walls of which, above the rock which forms the lower part, are of an immense thickness, and are best seen by looking in at a door on the side; but whether it ever was a well at all, or whether upon failure of water it was made use of as a tower of defence, is not certain.

By

By the side of this well or tower a coffin almost entire was found a few years since, which, on being exposed to the air, mouldered into dust, and discovered several human bones, with the iron beard of an arrow, by means of which it is supposed that the person buried there received his mortal wound.

Near this place is an immense cut through the solid rock, at the end of which you are surpris'd by

A STATELY LION,

Which, being confined within his den, you may approach with the greatest safety. It is no less true than extraordinary, that tho' these

beasts are in general the productions of Africa, yet the present one was actually brought forth among the mountains where he now dwells; and though his kingly looks strike terror into the beholder, and scattered bones proclaim the ravage he has made, yet he is so tame and docile, that the most timid may, without danger, take him by the tooth, and play with him as with a Spaniel.

Having traversed the Red Castle Hill, you pass on to Weston, a pretty little village, in which is a remarkably neat Church, situated on a pleasant eminence, and which was lately rebuilt by Sir Richard

Richard Hill, chiefly at his own expense. At the other end of the village stands a handsome, spacious, good Inn, with pleasure-grounds, bowling-green, &c. belonging to it, called HAWKSTONE INN AND HOTEL*, genteelly fitted

* Hawkstone Inn or Hotel, though secluded from all the noise and inconvenience of a public road, is, nevertheless, not out of the way to any of the neighbouring towns, being little more than twelve miles from Shrewsbury, four and a half from Wem, nine from Whitchurch, and the same from Drayton, with the advantage of a very good road through the Park at Hawkstone, which comprehends views of the House, the Water, and some of the finest scenes among the Rocks.

Parties travelling for summer's amusement to Wales, or going to or from Buxton, Matlock,

ted up for the reception of company, who resort thither to see the Park.—There you may refresh yourself after your walk, and ruminate on the scenes you have with so much delight been viewing: and if you choose to rest yourself all night, the next day you will have ample time to see the Roman Camp or Bury Walls, which place is not above a mile distant from the Inn, and for its stupendous mounds, stately oaks, and natural romantic beauties, particularly where the back view of Hawkstone Park meets the eye, will perhaps afford as much

&c. will here find the most comfortable accommodations, both for themselves, their servants, and their horses.

pleasure and astonishment to the
beholder as any thing he has before
seen.

O may the HILLS for ever live
Around this pleasant shore,
Till rocks shall crumble into dust,
And Time shall be no more !

P A R T II.



SINCE the First Edition of this Description was published, many very great additions and improvements have been made ; particularly a most magnificent and beautiful Piece of Water in the form of a wide navigable river, which is about two miles in length, and in some parts near one hundred yards in breadth, one end of which loses itself in a thick wood near the Lodge, on the road going to Prees and Whitchurch, and the
2 other

other end meets all the grand scenery in the Park, concealing its termination behind the Red Castle Hill, in the middle of a fine fertile valley. In sailing along this water, which is a boundary to the north and west sides of the Park (as the Menagerie Water, or River Eden, is to the south-east), all the enchanting and romantic scenes before described, open upon you as you advance, putting on different appearances according to the situation from which you view them; and if you choose to have the cannons discharged from the yacht belonging to the Inn, the echoes, particularly on a still day, are amazingly grand.

Pro-

Prodigious as this undertaking was, on account of the strong high dams which go the whole length of the River Hawk, for so it is called, yet as Sir Richard Hill keeps a vast number of men constantly employed (by which means all the industrious poor in the neighbourhood are furnished with bread,) this immense piece of water was entirely completed in the space of about three years.

Some later additions which have been made to the beauties of Hawkstone, are by no means among the least pleasing. The first is called

NEP-

NEPTUNE'S WHIM, OR COTTAGE.

With this strangers now begin their walk from the Inn, through a delightful plantation, into which you enter under two large whalebones, emblems of the sea-monarch's territory. Over the whalebones are the following lines :

Here, passenger, thy course begin,
And Nature's charms admire ;
Where varied landscapes feast the eye,
The feet forget to tire.

The reason of this place being named Neptune's Whim, is from a fine colossean statue of that god in hewn stone, which is placed behind

Find the building at the river head.
 This figure has an urn under the
 arm, from which the water falls
 over some broken pieces of rock,
 whilst his Néreïds below throw
 up the stream to a considerable
 height. He sits in great dignity,
 enthroned in a canopy of laurels
 and other trees, between two large
 ribs of a whale, over which you
 read this inscription :

Whilst verdant laurels form my bow'r,
 A slaughter'd whale proclaims my pow'r;
 My trident pierc'd the monster's side,
 These bones are trophies of my pride.

This whimsical edifice is built
 in the exact taste of the houses in
 North

North Holland (with a windmill on the opposite bank of the river, painted quite in the Dutch style), and is ornamented in the inside with a number of beautiful Swiss prints, and other curiosities. The stained glass in the windows has a very pretty effect. In it the Wife of Neptune has taken up her residence, and over the front door we read the following dialogue between the deity of the waves and one of his visitors :

Wilt thou, great Neptune, here abide,
Or on the boundless ocean ride ?
Art thou with water discontent,
That thou hast chang'd thy element ?

NEP.

NEPTUNE'S REPLY.

Recumbent on my urn below,
 I wait to let each Néreïd know,
 That whilst I wield my sceptre there,
 I place my Amphitrite here.

In traversing the round of Neptune's demesne you pass a spreading oak, under which is a seat, and on the trunk of the tree are fixed these lines :

Whilst baneful Vice lays Conscience waste,
 With mad'ning joys of sense,
 These rural scenes beguile the hours
 In pleasing innocence.

You now take a look at Amphitrite's flower-garden, which is in perfect harmony with the place, and from thence pass on to a more solemn

solemn recess, where in a sequestered mossy alcove, *sacred to Contemplation*, is the following inscription :

Tell me, dear stranger, tell me true,
 What sorrow swells thy breast;
 'Midst all the joys the world can give,
 Ah! why so far from rest?

Oft sad forebodings from within
 Announce the hidden sore,
 Whilst fruitless arts the wound to heal
 But make it fester more.

Yet call not Dissipation's aid
 To lull or chase thy grief;
 Let Contemplation's soothing balm
 Afford thy soul relief.

In Riot's din (Religion's foe)
 Let thoughtless mortals live;
 Be thine to seek those purer joys
 Which Riot ne'er can give.

The

The first man's heart by sin defil'd,
 The loss of Heav'n sustain'd,
 But when sweet Peace her throne resumes,
 'Tis PARADISE REGAIN'D.

The next object to be remarked
 among the late additions, is

THE CITADEL,

Which is built of stone, and is made an excellent dwelling-house for Sir Richard's steward, with a delightful garden and terrace, commanding all the back view of the Park. It has the exact appearance of an ancient castle, and the form of it was taken from the family coat of arms. The British flag flies at the top of it, and cannons are placed on its turrets.

Among

Among the new walks, *that* under the Terrace, which goes from the Fox's Knob to the Tower Glen, for its wonderful variety of fine large timber-trees, lofty rocks, solemn dingles, natural caverns, and diversified prospects, perhaps exceeds all the rest. In forming this very curious walk, there were found the remains of hares, rabbits, and all sorts of poultry, without number, which the foxes had carried there to feast on in the caverns, one of which being very spacious, and covered with a natural canopy of rock, is called

RENARD'S BANQUETING-
HOUSE,

in which you read the following
lines :

Long unmolested in his sport,
Here Renard held his festive court,
Whilst scatter'd turkeys, geese, and chickens,
Proclaim'd bold Renard's dainty pickings :
Thus thieves oft-times most nicely feed,
While honest men are left in need !

RENARD'S REPLY.

HATED by all, what can I do ?
Sure, I must eat, as well as you.
Instinct, not vice, points out my food,
And tells poor Renard what is good.
Can I the laws of Nature change,
Which force me out by night to range ?
Doom'd to defy the farmer's ire,
(When oft his rusty gun mis'd fire,)

Can

Can I the force of hunger stay,
 No more eat fowls, or feed on hay?
 Behold me, at the risk of life,
 Evade the watchful farmer's wife;
 With pickfork arm'd, (I own the fact,
 Old Marg'ret caught me in the act,)
 Mounted she stood on ladder's height,
 Resolv'd to see, one moonshine night,
 What thief, with two legs or with four,
 Had stole of chickens half a score;
 Whilst, of her family bereft,
 The ancient hen alone was left.
 Instant upon the roost I sprung,
 Whilst Marg'ret to her ladder clung,
 Then hurl'd her pitchfork at my head,
 And cry'd, "I've kill'd the villain dead;"
 But whilst she spoke, down slip'd old Peg,
 And by good luck, she broke her leg.
 But there's a charge I can't endure—
 Why am I deem'd an Epicure,
 When an old turkey from her nest,
 Of all my meals is oft the best?
 So hard, so tough, so out of season,
 To call me nice shows want of reason.
 Once when I gnaw'd John Dobson's goose,
 My jaws were tir'd, my teeth were loose:

No wonder; when I understood
 She just had hatch'd her twentieth brood;
 But truly, if I might presume,
 The cackling dame had sav'd old Rome.
 Is it my crime to eat, undress'd,
 What's tortur'd by your cooks profess'd?
 What though I neither roast nor boil,
 I nought by pamp'ring fauces spoil:
 Anchovy, Cayan, Cherokee,
 Are all alike unknown to me;
 And 'tis a truth by all confest,
 That of all fauces hunger's best.

But hark each cens'ring child of man,
 Then blame poor Renard if you can;
 This lesson learn—what *want* requires,
 And what mere *wantonness* desires.
 Short are the terms, distinct and clear,
 As in one instance shall appear:
 By keenest want alone oppress'd,
 The harmless Hare I e'er distress'd;
 Whilst the great Nimrods of the day,
 When to the chase they haste away,
 With hearts unfeeling, to prolong
 The griefs which cause the hunting song,
 No sport can boast, no joys can know,
 But what from helpless sorrows flow,
 Or eke from *mine* with—*Tallihoe*.

A QUESTION ON HARE HUNTING.

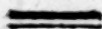
By a By-Stander.

SAY, stranger, hast thou never seen,
 List'ning on some distant green,
 Poor dabbled Pufs? erect her ears,
 Beating her little heart with fears;
 Her feet uplifted.—Swift again
 She scours along the verdant plain;
 Now stops, now pants; whilst hearts of steel
 No sorrow for her sorrows feel.
 Hark now! the hounds are all in view,
 In vain she would her course renew;
 Her strength's no more: yet, ere she dies,
 Like to the new-born babe she cries *,
 Then sheds an unavailing tear †,
 And bids adieu to life and fear;
 Whilst joyous sportsmen all around,
 Each other greet on blood-dy'd ground,

* The similitude between the cry of a Hare in distress and that of an Infant, is very exact.

† It has been remarked that the Hare, the Stag, and several other animals will weep when closely pursued, and when they find they cannot escape: the same has been observed of the Turtle when taken and thrown on its back.

Boast of the leaps they never took,
 O'er these high bars, or that wide brook,
 Though hedges broken prove to-morrow,
 More truly far the farmer's sorrow,
 And gates left open, flocks let out,
 How far they wisely rode about :
 Whilst turnips bruis'd, and trampled wheat,
 Proclaim the hunters' noblest feat.



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE HUNTED
 HARE.

LET the tender heart draw nigh,
 Drop the tear and heave the sigh ;
 Souls unfeeling ne'er can know
 Purest joys that spring from woe :
 Welcome, stranger, to the shrine,
 Mingle all thy griefs with mine.
 Little persecuted thing,
 Fain would I my tribute bring ;
 Tribute of a feeling heart,
 All I have or can impart.
 Muse of sadness, lovely maid,
 Deign to lend thy mourning aid :

Tuna

Tune the melancholy lyre,
 Every plaintive string inspire.
 Raging winds that sweep the ground,
 Cease, O cease your boist'rous sound;
 Gentle zephyrs only blow,
 Nought be heard but notes of woe;
 Let the sympathizing breeze
 Softly linger o'er the trees.
 Vallies, cease to laugh and sing;
 Fairy sprites, your odours bring.
 Virgin nymphs in solemn train,
 Drop your flow'rets o'er the slain;
 Plant the weeping willow near,
 Water'd by the crystal tear.
 Let the snow-drop's drooping head
 Gently kiss the harmless dead.
 Shepherds, cast your crooks away;
 Sportive lambkins, cease to play.
 Stop, ye rills that wash the vale,
 Stop, and hear the mournful tale.
 Warbling songsters, haste away,
 Pluck the sad sepulchral bay;
 Let no murd'rous stain be seen,
 Hide each spot with leaves of green.
 Cooing bird, the deed relate,
 Echo to thy faithful mate,

Soothing strains of grief and love
Best become the turtle-dove.

Join Creation's voice, and say,

"Lo! the friendless Hare of GAY."

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

Sua cuique voluptas. HOR.

THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,
There are,) to whom my satire seems too bold ;
Scarce to the Sportsman complaisant enough,
And something said of hunting, much too rough.
Thus sings our Twick'nham Bard, (my Muse, I
hope,

For once may borrow from the Muse of Pope;) But after all, I have no other aim,
Than every Sportsman's privilege to claim.
Their pleasure is to hunt, mine to bewail;
Let friendship close the scene, and love prevail.

As we are now speaking of the improvements which have been made within these few years, we must

must here take a sudden leap of at least a mile from Renard's Banqueting-house, back again to

THE SCENE IN SWISSER- LAND,

Near the end of the grand Terrace, to which you ascend up a very narrow path, between two rugged perpendicular rocks of white free-stone tinged with copper, at the entrance of which is a finger-post which excites your curiosity, by having on one side these words, "*To a scene in Swisserland,*" and on the other, "*Au pont de Suisse,*" or, to the Swiss bridge.

For

For the enjoyment of this charming and astonishing scene, a steady head and a steady foot are both equally necessary, especially when you cross the bridge: there is, however, no manner of danger in the undertaking, as the bridge itself, whilst perfectly characteristic, is made of solid rude oak, and is as strong and safe as the view below it is majestic and tremendous to the beholder. Fear not, therefore, to pass the awful gulf, and the rock beyond it, which you are no sooner over than you turn to your left, down another deep, solemn glen or cliff, which divides the two high rocks, from whose menacing looks you have just happily escaped,

ed, and which were both almost inaccessible and unexplored, till the present bridge connected them and formed a passage over them. Those who have visited Swisserland, especially the Grisons, must be struck with the great simlarity between this scene, and some in that wild romantic country.

Observing as little order and formality in our Description as we wish to see of them in our walk, we proceed from a *Scene in Swisserland* to

A SCENE AT OTAHEITE,
And with much more ease and
dispatch than the able and valiant
navi-

navigator made his expedition to the South Seas. The Otaheite scene is opened to view in one of the vallies of the Red Castle Hill. In this valley is placed a low building, constructed of sticks and reeds, the model of which is taken from one of the prints in Captain Cook's Voyages; the inside is fitted up in a correspondent manner with the outside; whilst bows and arrows, horns of animals, idols, masks, caps of red feathers, shell necklaces, &c. distinguish the manners and occupations of the inhabitants. The new walk round the top of this charming valley is uncommonly grand and beautiful, and, on all accounts,

not

not less interesting to a beholder of real taste than any thing else he may have seen.

But the most superb and splendid addition which has been made to the demesne at Hawkstone, is

THE GRAND OBELISK

Erected upon the highest spot on the Terrace: it is built of white free-stone, and is about one hundred and twelve feet high *. From the top of this column, in the inside of which is a stone staircase, the most
un-

* The capital of this Obelisk was illuminated in a most splendid manner, when the news arrived of Lord Nelson's victory over the French
fleet

unbounded prospect presents itself to view : hills beyond hills discover themselves all around, and England and Wales vie with each other for the pre-eminence, in the loftiness of their mountains and the richness of their plains.

The gallery of the Obelisk forms a useful observatory for the astronomer either by day or night, whilst the inscription on the base transmits to posterity the piety and noble acts of a venerable ancestor ; an handsome statue of whom, in

fleet in the harbour of Alexandria ; and the effect of it was so great and brilliant, that it threw a light upon the neighbouring fields and houses nearly as strong as at noon-day.

his Lord Mayor's gown, copied from an ancient monument which stood in the church of St. Stephen's Walbrook, before the fire of London, is placed on the top, holding the Magna Charta in his hand.

With this inscription we shall close the account of this extraordinary place, and not less extraordinary character.

“ The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.”—*Psalms* cxii. 6.

The first stone of this Pillar was laid by Sir Richard Hill, Bart. member in several Parliaments for this county, on the 1st day of October, in the year 1795, who caused it to be erected, not only for the various uses of an observatory, and to feast the eye, by presenting to it, at one view, a most luxuriant
and

and extensive prospect, which takes in not less than twelve (or, as some assert, fifteen) counties; but from motives of justice, respect, and gratitude to the memory of a truly great and good man, viz. Sir Rowland Hill, Knt. who was born at the family mansion of Hawkstone, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh, and being bred to trade, and free of the city of London, became one of the most considerable and opulent merchants of his time, and was Lord Mayor of the same, in the second and third years of Edward the Sixth, anno 1549 and 1550, and was the first Protestant who filled that high office.

Having embraced the principles of the Reformation, he zealously exerted himself in behalf of the Protestant cause, and having been diligent in the use of all religious exercises, *prayerful, conscientious, and watchful* (as a writer of his character expresses it), yet trusting only in the merits of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, he exchanged this life for a better, a short while before the death of that pious young monarch, being aged nearly seventy years.

For

For a considerable time previous to his decease, he gave up his mercantile occupations, that he might with more devotedness of heart attend to the great concerns of another world.

His lands, possessions, and church patronage, were immense; particularly in the counties of Salop and Chester: the number of his tenants (none of whom he ever raised or fined,) amounting to one thousand one hundred and eighty-one, as appears from a rental, yet preserved, and copied from his own hand-writing.

But his private virtues, good deeds, and munificent spirit, were quite unlimited, and extended, like the prospect before us, East, West, North, and South, far surpassing all bounds. "Being sensible," saith Fuller, speaking of him in his *Worthies of England*, "that his great estate was given him of God," it was his desire to devote it to his glory. He built a spacious church in his own parish at Hodnet, and likewise the neighbouring church of Stoke, at his own expense. He

F

built

built Tern and Atcham bridges, in this county, both of hewn stone, and containing several arches each. He also built other large bridges of timber. He built and endowed several free-schools, particularly that of Drayton. He made and paved divers highways for the public utility. He founded exhibitions, and educated many students at both Universities, and supported at the inns of court others who were brought up to the law.

He was the unwearied friend of the widow and the fatherless. He clothed annually three hundred poor people in his own neighbourhood, both with shirts and coats; and in the City of London he gave 500*l.* (an immense sum in those days) to St. Bartholomew's hospital, besides (saith Fuller) 600*l.* to Christ Church hospital. He also gave most liberally to all the other hospitals, and at his death bequeathed 150*l.* to the poor of all the Wards in London.

He had no children, but his relations and kinsfolk were numerous, who all partook largely

of his bounty, both in his lifetime and at his death. He constantly kept up a great family household, where he maintained good hospitality. Many resorted to him for his wise and salutary advice; and none who came to him were ever sent empty, or dissatisfied away.

Go thou, and do thou likewise, as far as thy ability will permit, without injury to thy own relations.

To suffer such a character to sink into oblivion would be in the highest degree ungrateful, as well as injurious to posterity, for whose imitation, as a city set on a hill, it is held up; duly to set it forth would be impossible. Suffice it, therefore, to close this account of the above extraordinary person with a Latin inscription, which is

to be seen under a portrait of him,
now in the house at Hawkstone,
and in very good preservation.

“ Rowlandus Hill, miles Salopiensis, vir bonus
 “ et sapiens, quondam Major civitatis Londini,
 “ ac dignissimus Consul ejusdem existens. Qui
 “ auctoritate opibusque temporibus Regum
 “ Henrici Octavi et Edwardi Sexti florens,
 “ diversas terras, prædia ac possessiones per-
 “ quisivit, eaque omnia salvâ conscientia,
 “ absque omni aliorum injuriâ vel damno.
 “ Quo jam senescente ac in ultimam ætatem
 “ vergente, a rebus acquirendis prorsus ab-
 “ stinuit, ac sua sorte contentus, sibi quiete
 “ vixit, neque plura optabat. Multa præterea
 “ præclarâ opera egit, magnam alebat fami-
 “ liam. Bona quæ acquisivisset, liberaliter
 “ impendit, pauperibus dedit. Scholasticis in-
 “ utraque academia exhibuit, leguleios aluit,
 “ atque in alios pios usus erogavit. Liberos
 “ suscepit nullos, ideoque terras possessiones-
 “ que suas inter cognatos ac consanguineos
 “ divisit. Breviter, tanta pietate claruit, quod
 “ fama

“ fama facta extendebat, reliquamque vitam
“ suam vigiliis, timore ac contemplatione
“ contenuit, ad honorem summi Dei, ac in
“ perpetuam sui nominis gloriam.”



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